

fail of being delightful to us and
commanding our admiration
again. Thanking you for your
pleasing and thoughtful attention
with cordial greetings from Mrs
Haven and myself for Mrs Fields
and you

Truly Yours
G. W. Haven.

134 N. H. H.

Portsmouth N. H.

March

Dear Sarah

You gave me a very pleasant
walk into the garden of the Hesperides
in that fruit which you sent me
last evening, nothing could have
been more beautiful than the grapes
and oranges, and nothing more
fantastic than the flowers. The
former reminded me in their size
of those spoken of by Touchstone as
eaten by the ancient philosopher
who wisely opened his mouth
when he did so, and those sent
by you required the full exercise
of that capacity for they were the

largest I ever saw, Since the beginning
of my sickness, all taste for fruit
had deserted me but when Cora
tasted one of the pears I was
tempted to do the same, and hope
that my former relish has returned
in which case I shall owe you an
unpayable debt. I do not think it ~~at all~~
^{strange} that out of the infinite memories
of eighty seven years, I should be
able to send an occasional note
of heartfelt sympathy, of pleasure
or even of instruction but I do
not feel that I therefore deserve
the high praise which you and
Mrs Fields are disposed to lavish
upon me. I have been sitting in
presence of and admiring the

fantastic flowers which you sent me,
how anomalous in form, how varied in
coloring, and so unlike one to the other
that it becomes difficult to trace
the family resemblance between them.
I have gazed and gazed upon them,
as the poet did upon the daffodils
and can only say as he did
"To me the meanest flower that blows ^{give} can
thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."
I think that it is by these beautiful
minor poems that Wordsworth will live,
rather than by his longer poems, such
as the excursion, Tintern Abbey with its
solemn minor tones, nor the Feast of
Brougham Castle, nor the ode to
immortality, nor the Daffodils, nor so
many others, which will suggest
themselves to the mind, can ever